

WINTER MARKET



thanks for the stars.

#3

Why did I name this zine Ejaculation?

Well because that is all America is, a wet dream. We women are exploited on billboards and on the television and in the movies and in our day-to-day lives. Think about it...if you took and replaced every woman on a billboard, every woman in a ~~hooter~~ hooters, every woman on t.v., with a man in the (relatively) same clothing and

would be rapists and abusers and sexually frustrated in general? How well would products sell if men were used instead of women, if we (women) were raised to think of ourselves as ACTIVE DESIRE-ERS instead of PASSIVELY DESIRE-ING TO BE DESIRED? How many less women would allow themselves to be plastered on billboards if they knew that they didn't HAVE to compete physically with other women to get jobs, to get husbands, to

GET RESPECT. What I am talking about here is a severe lack of respect for women as a whole. Perhaps even a progression(?) from a women's RIGHTS movement to a women's RESPECT movement. Women need to respect

united in the 70's

••• step now

each other, men need to respect women, and women need to respect men.

Adding the respect of women to the social handbook, doesn't take away anything from men or perhaps even advertising, because if you see things RESPECTFUL state of mind, it IS different. Regardless of what advertisers want, we as the "public" need to ignore them for awhile, educate ourselves, then take another look at the Marlboro man and the Newport girl and the Hooters billboard.. Perhaps we will see it in a new way. And perhaps if we turn things around in our own heads first, the advertising industry will wise up, instead of attacking

industry itself (the giant). See, we get the industry to have no choice but to listen to us, then it will go our way.

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS BEING CONSCIOUSLY CONTROLLED???

I mean, I look at billboards and I know they are naked up so I look away and I am totally conscious. I still feel controlled?

IT has been three days since we cried at the train station together. everybody stared at me

as i choked out the words one way to Chicago, and that's the last thing i said until i said hel to medad when i got off the train. it kills my

everything and sends waves of fear through me

i think about not being able to see you for more than twenty days, or that you might not think abo

ut me

and that's the last thing i said until i said hel

for a day,  
before i left i spent a lot  
of time alone but it was in the company of a  
girl that i would see you with in the next twenty  
four hours. there are so many things so that  
remind me of you but its the things that accidentally re  
mind me of you that kill me every time.

Sept. 5 1997.

MEN AND WOMEN CAN NEVER BE  
TOGETHER, ESPECIALLY IN SUCH A VULNERABLE  
EXCHANGE AS SEXUALITY, WITHOUT  
BEING SUBJECT TO THE MISDIRECTION OF  
POWER IN SOCIETY.

Call me an anti-feminist, but I think that is a load of bull. I have a boyfriend and at absolutely no time do I feel inferior or second or exploited. I think it is an extremely sexist thing to say that men and women can never interact w/o some form of oppression and power. I have faith in men as a whole. (Am I slipping from your feminist stereotype??)

I cook my boyfriend dinner.

Okay so out with it. I COOK MY BOYFRIEND DINNER. My idea of feminism doesn't exclude doing things for one another. Does yours? Is the only way I can be a feminist is if I am butch and work in construction or the auto body shop?? I think that is very counter-revolutionary. Equality does not mean masculine, equality means



a happy median of "classically feminine" and "classically masculine" traits.  
If equality meant having to act like a man, I would've started peeing standing up long ago...\*

A happily married feminist?  
Possible? I hear Ani DiFranco is engaged.. Whoops, time to revise the feminist handbook for 1998...  
Marriage is not the end to all ends for feminists. In a truly healthy relationship, a woman should not feel like she is "betraying her sisters" if she wants to cook dinner or get married or have a child.

I have heard this time-period of thought, the "second-wave" or maybe even third or whatever. If there were rules all this time, where were they and why didn't someone send them to me when I ordered my septum ring and black hair dye...\*

What I am talking about people is a revision and education and improvement on things. I can only say "oh my god that is SO fucked up" a thousand

so lastly i ease the words of a good friend  
*you forgot to give me my heart back,  
you sailed to uncharted waters of my mind and  
deeped anchor and cut the chain and left  
all i am left with: the rest of this anchor  
and that ship  
our friendship  
ship.*

Not wrong, he said.

times before I realize, whoops, I have to actually get off my ~~ass~~ ass and DO something. Fucked up things don't change themselves when you yell from a distance....

Back to masculinity....

Male behavior is considered the norm. Being equal doesn't mean acting like men.

Masculinity is often paired with violence. "When Woodrow Wilson showed reluctance to enter WWI, Theodore Roosevelt charged that Wilson has 'done more to emasculate American manhood and weaken its fiber than anyone else I can think of'".

"When Lyndon Johnson was told that a member of his administration was "giving soft" on the (Vietnam) WAR, he dismissed him with the comment, 'Hell, he has to squat to piss<sup>8</sup>'." (Taken from the book "Boys Will Be Boys : Breaking the link between masculinity and violence".)

Women's reputed empathy and compassion are viewed by many as rendering them unqualified for high offices that involve "tough" international

decisions-making. The German Nazi Party was strongly committed to this point of view. At its first meeting in 1921 a resolution was passed into the League of Nations which read:

"This is a woman who could never be accepted as a member of our League. Only men possessed the required strength of character to allow the government to accept her."

So, when the League of Nations was asked to make a decision on whether or not women could be accepted as members of the League of Nations, it had to make a decision on whether or not women possessed the required strength of character to allow the government to accept her.

John Wayne syndrome is an explicit code of conduct - a set of masculine traits we have been taught to believe since childhood.

AND, LIES, MUGGINGS, BURGLARIES, ROBBERIES, COVETOUSNESS, BUTCHERY? ...

burn these hands

blue cattle fields

hands push you into seas of caption

these unloving unforgetting

"Just like a John Wayne war movie,  
it's all fake machismo. Real  
strength, real courage, are based on  
dealing with reality, not denying it."  
(Boys Will Be Boys)•••

And now a bit about straightedge  
mosh pits. •••

(this is dedicated to the stupid ~~asshole~~  
asshole boy at the Detroit Fset that  
had on an EarthMover shirt, a yellow  
one, who was oh so very tough and ~~bisexual~~  
boyish)•••

The girls were drooling let me tell you.

-This boy is suffering from...perhaps  
inadequacy, perhaps low self esteem.  
(Insert classic cut-down here...)  
Perhaps his penis is just too small  
and he has to be tough to make up  
for it.

And when I say straightedge mosh pits  
I don't mean nice floor punching  
and "okay I like this music  
so I will dance with my friends and  
be rambunctious"••• I mean "okay this  
music is too loud and I can't hear it  
because I keep running into all these



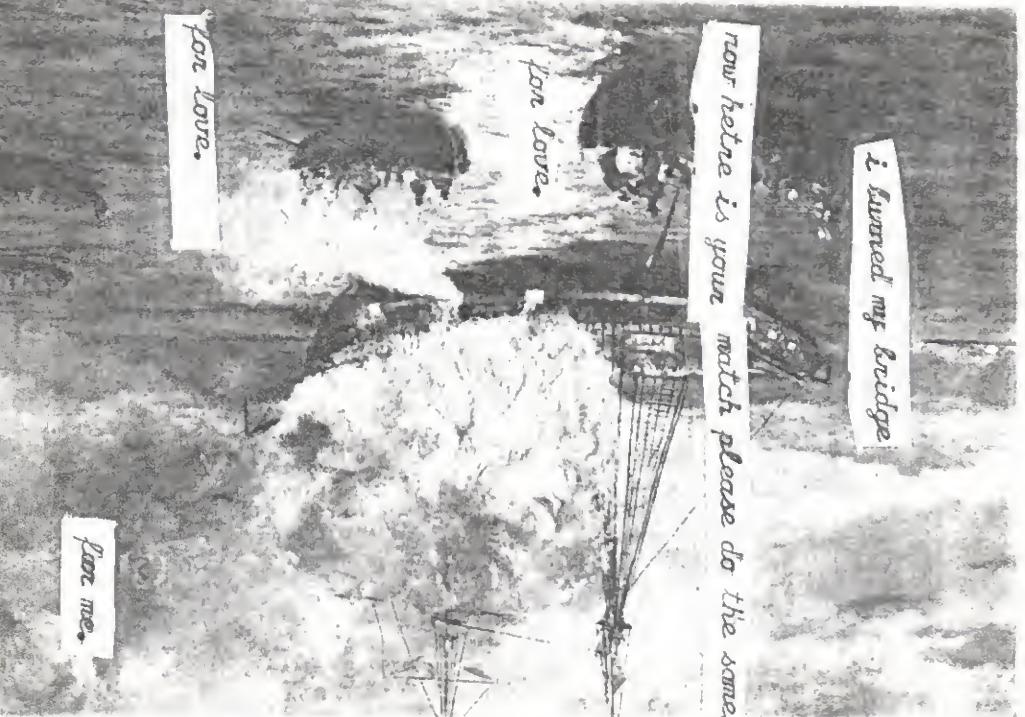
people around my mosh pit and they  
need telling me to fuck off but I am  
SO tough and I keep running them over  
and pounding it is in the faces and  
screaming so masculine. And hey,  
there's a chick in here and that is  
awesome and maybe I should punch her  
in the face too."

that kind of mosh pit...

The kind of mosh pit that has to do  
with ~~PROFOUND INSECURITY~~ and black eyes  
and missed of hardcore kids.  
And maybe hardcore boy should go  
back to ~~protection~~ or wherever they  
are trying to be. though... whenever they think  
mosh is the norm and  
wherever the girls think that if they  
mosh (if) mean seedy mosh, not  
like me making fun of them) they  
are feminists. wrong answer baby...

I mean, this kid gave my friend a  
black ~~eye~~ eye.

I would've pounded him. (Note: I  
can be tough when I defend my friend or  
sister. Violence against violence,  
you know... )



Some excellent books for you to look up..

"To Be Real" Rebecca Wallter \*\*\*\*\*

"Boys Will Be Boys: Breaking the Link  
Between Masculinity and Violence"  
Myriam Miedzian

"The Desirable Body: Cultural  
Fetishism and the Erotics of  
Consumption"  
Jon Stratton \*\*\*\*\*

"Hope For The Flowers" Trina Paulus

And some words to know...

Aggressive: demanding your wishes w/o

regard for the rights of others

Assertive: asking for your wishes w/o

violating the rights of others

Dissociation: going limp physically and

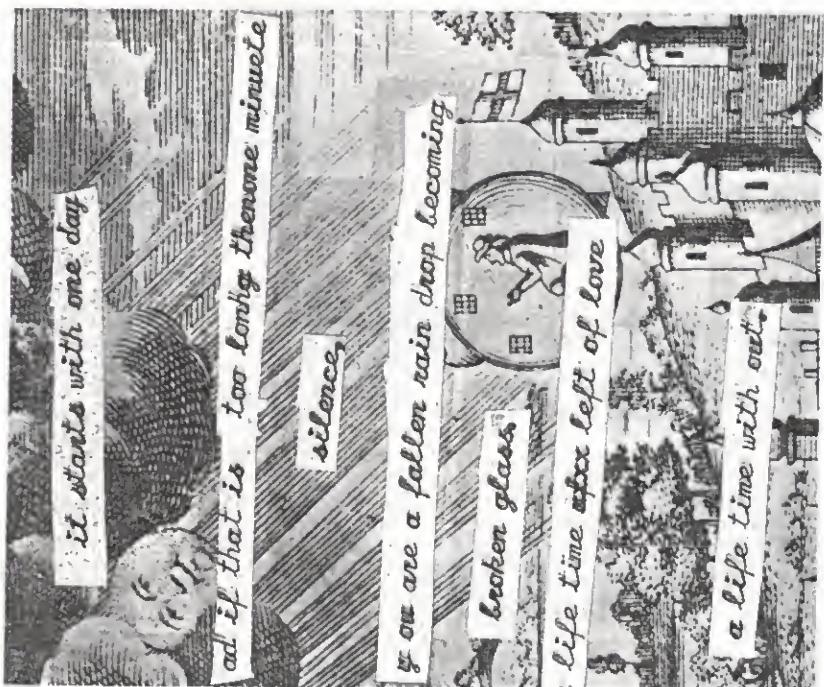
separating one's feelings from one's body

Coercion: to intimidate someone into

doing something they don't want to do, or

to take advantage of a person's weaknesses

COERCION = RAPE



as my train winds me away through two state

lines, one time change and both sides of my  
ownself as a victim,  
of victimization... to come to see

"Pessimist consciousness is consciousness  
and have left the field to the  
rid alien, have renounced the label

"Most American feminists, unwilling to  
be identified as part of a cause they  
themselves."

sees her relations to men in political  
personal self with her gender. She

"raised", she learns to identify her  
when a woman, a feminist consciousness is  
communities".

"The presentation that men are collectively

"Women's rights, women down invades  
engaged in keeping women down  
Sommers Simon & Scuster 1994  
Battered women by Christine Hoff  
Who Stole Feminism? How Women Have

"another good book and quotes from it..

heart is on sleep and on the verge of tears

i signed my lease today and payed my rent  
moving to chicago has always been a sense

of hope for better things to come. one of

the best things some one ever told me was

please remember hope among moments of  
despair

"and chicago has always been that  
hope, that light at the end of the tunnel.

i never really gave much thought to all the per  
and places that love me. there are so many  
people and times and places and feelings i  
am going to miss i recently re-fall in love  
a friend of mine named angela. but the thing  
is that i really fell in love with her.

A poem my little sister emily wrote...  
(write to her through me) (and you should)

the hat

you talk without words

you see without eyes

you understand without knowing

you speak without lies

why do you do the things you do

to me

what the hell is wrong with you

you are too damn perfect

you find a way to nourish on my

esteem and suck the life out of

my brains

like i am nothing

you are too damn smart

with your answers to everything

and your mind always made up

when you come home you are fast

asleep

because you dont know me in the

daytime

the naked woman running dancing

singing in the street

you stop and stare what a freak

but then she turns around and

you notice that its me

goodbye mr man

emily.

I can barely stand to be away from her for

more than an hour. our relationship is

that is beautiful it made me realize we

intertwiningness and self pity, making new

and wishing for better things and coping myself

that there is more to life than sometimes it

effects because it brings me to sharing to give and

leave her behind, i have been faced with a second

manifestation when i think of having to give and

open up every time to be revisited again.

i dont want to be like everyone else in her life

she is my biggest positivity yet

chance and now it is about to be revisited again.

oh my soul is learning in difficult times

A band called Nil Mascaras played at my house last night and they said something that I think is important for everyone to know... It was that if you call yourself punk or hardcore or whatever it doesn't excuse you from all bad things and make you totally pure. There are rapists and racists and sexists and all other "ists" in our scene (if it is truly ours and not California's). Punks and hardcore kids have as much shit to work on as the rest of the world. Scensters can (AND DO) rape. Scensters make sexist jokes. And even the kids like us that the scensters make fun of have the potential to be rapists and maybe when you made that joke at the show last week about your bitch, the girl in the corner has to go home to a man who abuses her and calls her a bitch. THINK ABOUT IT. Vegans aren't excused, straightedge kids definately aren't excused, and people who write for Heartattack aren't excused. Every one has potential. Isn't that nice?



and I think another very important thing to realize is that the hardcore or punk or whatever scene, really draws women into thinking they are safe within its confines and people. Like oh wow all these boys are super political and hardline or whatever, and they are so PC sometimes people let their guard down and get sucked into a bad situation because the anarchist

revolutionary boy they were with seemed totally awesome and not sexist.

And maybe it is a front. And maybe

women shouldn't feel that they are escaping the sexism and dangers of

society, when they are in a punk or hardcore situation. Everything is the same, record labels, magazines, and

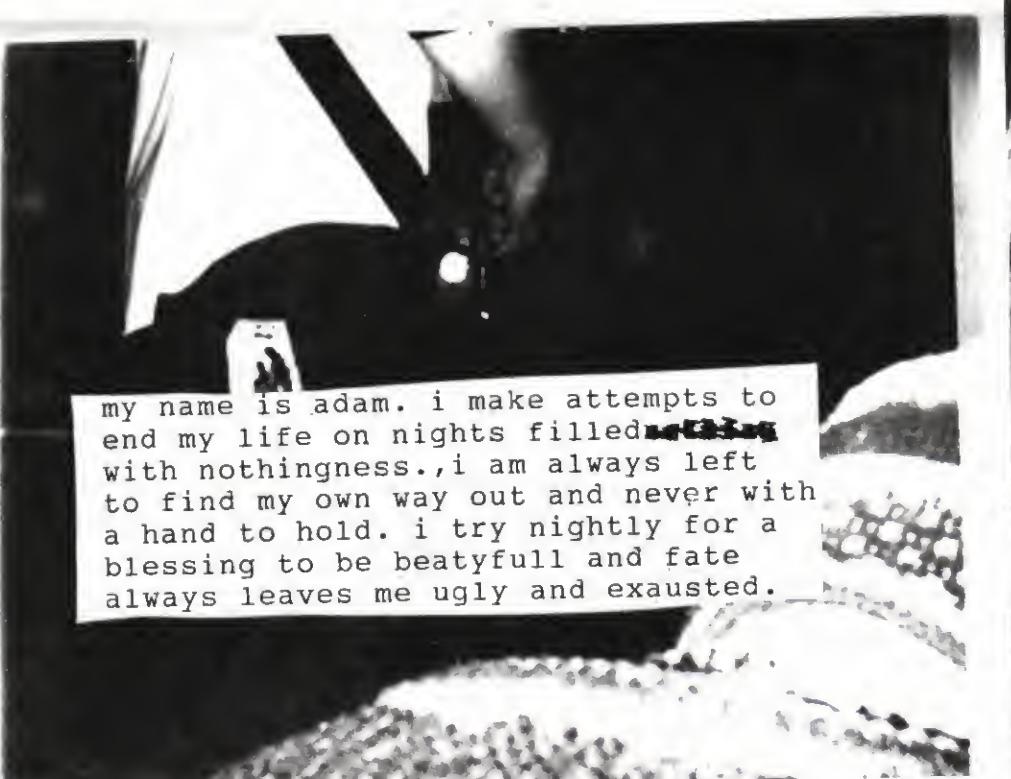
rapists. Even kids labelled as

hardcore have potential. I was raped by one hardcore boy and assaulted by another. I DO NOT FEEL SAFE. I

told my mom I am tough and she said, well what if there is two or three of them?

And I said I don't know. And maybe we were talking about me walking around alone, but I think women and men in

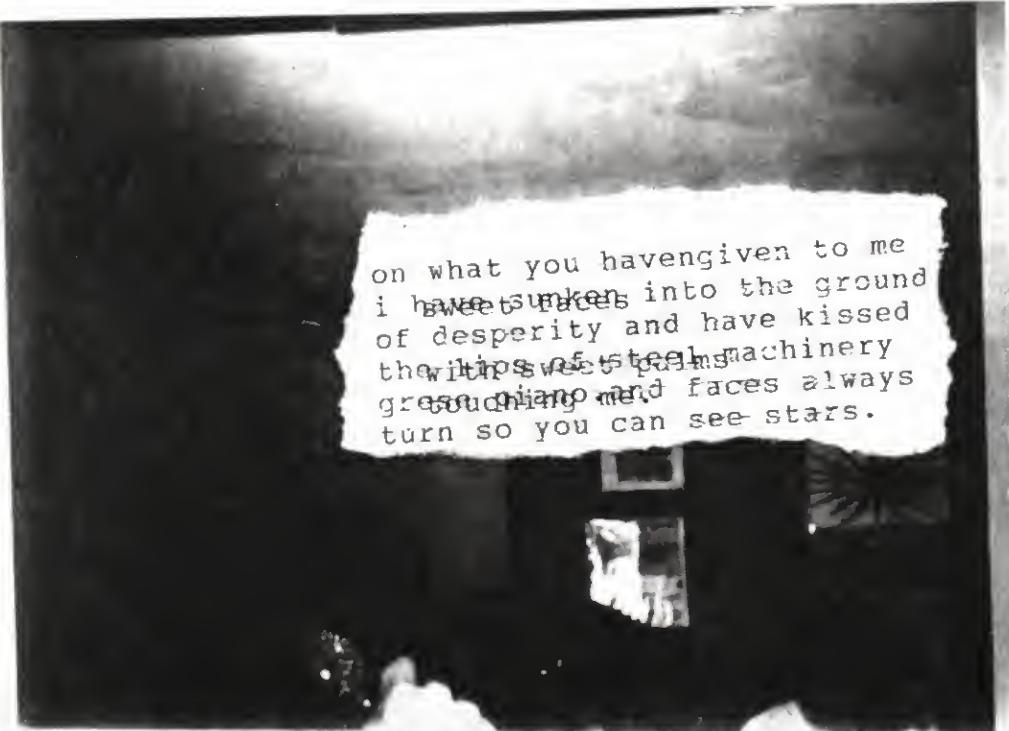
hardcore shouldn't trust everyone and women and men shouldn't think of



my name is adam. i make attempts to end my life on nights filled with nothingness., i am always left to find my own way out and never with a hand to hold. i try nightly for a blessing to be beatyfull and fate always leaves me ugly and exhausted.

themselves as incapable of something  
merely because they are punk rock.

And I haven't told my mom that I was  
raped 1½ years ago and I wonder  
what she would say then...•



on what you havengiven to me  
i have sunk into the ground  
of desperity and have kissed  
the willips of steel machinery  
greouching and faces always  
turn so you can see stars.

so after a lot of deliberation and thought on the subject, I think that women's or girl's fests or men

against sexism groups are pretty sexist in themselves. Time and time again I have attended or heard of

events in which a lot of talking goes on amongst members of the same sex

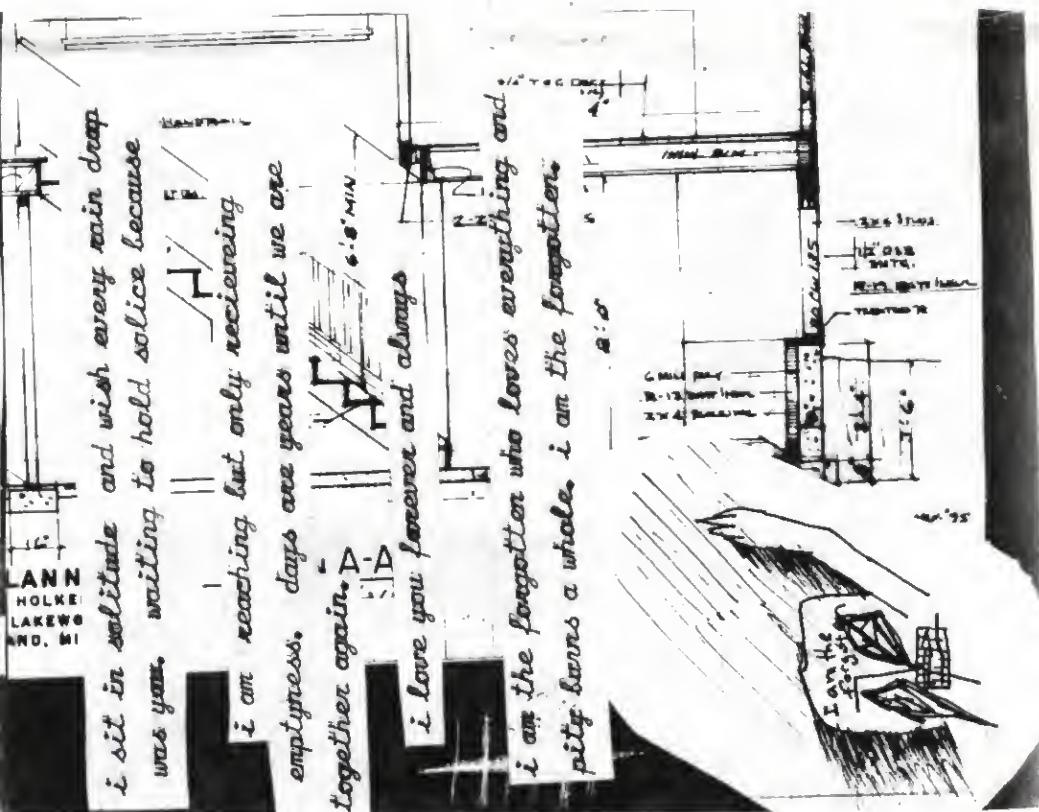
about members of the opposite sex. Would it not be more constructive to make these events into a sort of two

or maybe even three part thing?

Like the first day or hour or whatever, have two discussions, one about women's issues and the other about men's, then combine the two. So when the group is split in two,

encourage men to attend the men's and women to attend the women's, then everyone can get together and talk constructively to one another.

I mean, yeah, girl's groups and fests and men against sexism groups are super important, but usually one or two or a few dedicated people go, and nothing outside of their groups really change, do they? I am really stuck on the idea that we can only talk amongst ourselves for a certain period of time before our time becomes wasted...



they are called Senior Company pants.  
has worn all over their backs during and  
at my house this Friday who allegedly  
So this [redacted] band is supposed to play

### THINGS

AND DANG IN SHOW THAT DO FUCED UP  
AND WE NEED TO CONFRONT PLOYEE

Want to know what there is...  
[redacted] girl or all-boy group, and I

there is a totally consecutive all  
[redacted] And I hope that maybe someone else  
one has proved me [redacted] wrong  
and tell me if I am wrong because  
good and they should write me letters  
disagreee [redacted] with me and that is  
and I know people out there will

### AM I HAVING SENSES??

taking about confronting him/her.  
confounding this instead of just  
allies will be and they will be  
room, but memory of his or her  
that this rapid pace won't be in time  
elsewhere... and maybe the person  
especially the rapists and sexists pure  
to our women's and [redacted] men, so  
I think we need to invite men and women

i am sorry that it all turns out like shit.  
i am sorry that all [redacted] my efforts are for  
nothing. i am sorry that i fucking ignore ever-

ng that is important when bass fingers play  
your glass piano. tonight is the night when a  
fleis report. how do [redacted] expect to kill my  
self when [redacted] can't even confront my fears.  
i am shit, my efforts are for nothing. i hear

you laugh from one storey down and it fuckin  
kills me. i don't know how to feel or act when

everything falls apart under my fucking feet

when my insides boil with guilt, fear, and the  
pain of wanting to die. i hate myself, i hate  
myself for not killing myself the first time &  
the fourth time. i hate myself for ever thinkin  
i was worth something. i hate living with the  
fact that i am shit, i am nothing ness. kill me, put  
a rope.

How a horse is killed...

DEDICATED TO (the memory of)

LADY

AND

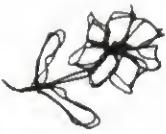
POPEYE

(because I love them)

So you lead the horse out to a grassy (or not grassy) area and give him a shot of euthanasia. It works super fast and in a minute the horse falls down and is dead before they hit the ground. So then a piece of construction equipment comes and picks their bodies up and drops them into the bed of a truck. It is loud when they fall in. You can hear it for a long ways. Then the truck goes to the glue factory.

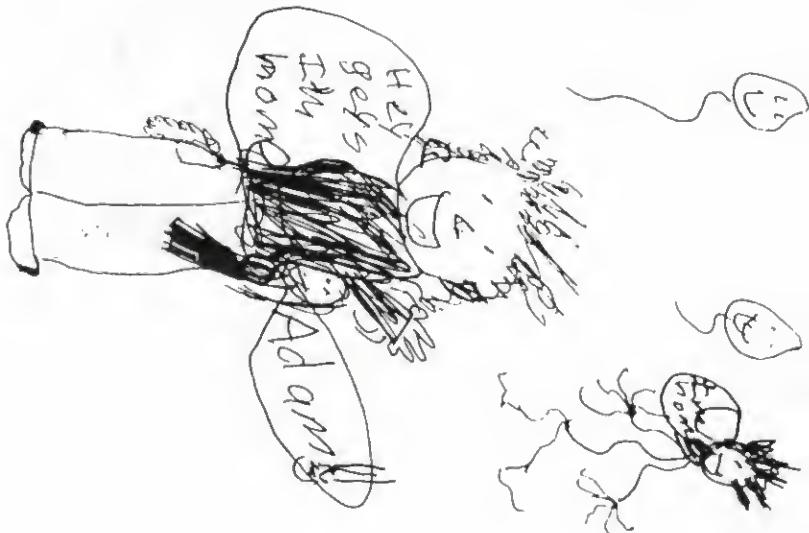
A respectable death for horses who spent their whole lives working for people.

Have a nice day.



We coming home from traveling.  
My 8 yr old sister.  
Sally Kuhnenburg.

It is high time I get this zine done and out to you people so this is the last of it. It is September 9, 1997. It is raining (well pouring) and I was just dancing and singing for my friend Ryan downstairs. I like to make people laugh. I live in a humongous 'cause rock, seven bedrooms. We have shows in our basement. (our number is (616) 349-~~349~~ 6499 if you want to play). There are six people here besides me and four pets. Three of the pets are mine. I love them. (Hmmm... this is the my-zine-is-done-dumb-pointless-page). I have a hat on that says "Los Angeles Crust". Well, it is really andrews and it says "Los Angeles Raiders", but yeah. My hair is long on top and shaved underneath like a trashy metal kid.... I have a kitten named Spots, a dog named Mutton, and a cat named Dino. Spots just walked across my typewriter. So now you are bored and all that I really have left to say I guess is listen to lots of ani difranco and think about my sister and what i can do to that stupid boy. Hmm... More to say. Lately I have really been thinking about my future and a job and stuff (uh, oh, not punk rock...). I am



going back to school in January to study occupational therapy, and minor in philosophy, and maybe something to do with english and writing and stuff. Atleast that is what I want to do now. I will probably change my mind. I am going to breed a horse in the spring, so come a year and a half I will have a

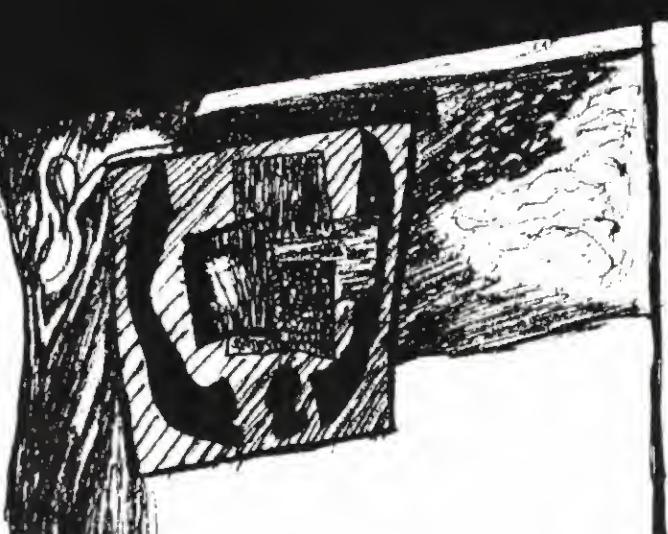
baby horse to take care of and train, it will be fun fun fun. I spend all my money on my pets and I think

that is all I have to say for now.

I haven't written a thank you list for a long long time and i have half a page left so what the hell... Micah, Ryan, Andrew, Lisa, Andy, Adam Mullett,

Brandy, Kelly and Mil Mascaras,

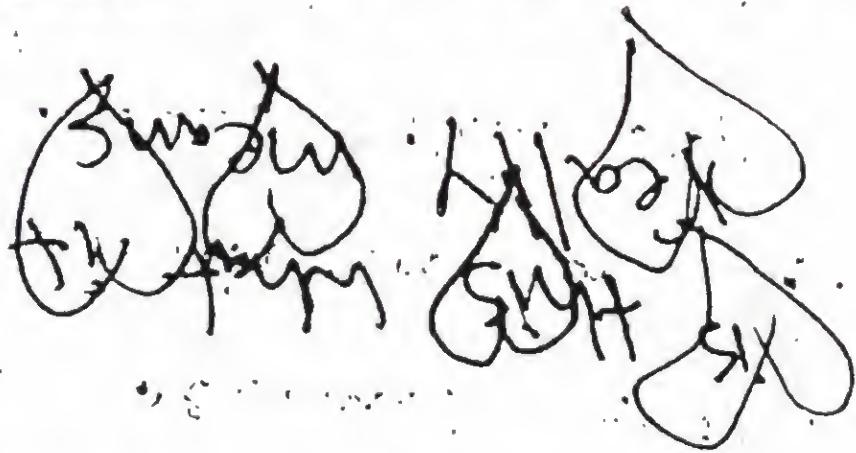
Emily, Melissa, Mom, all my pets for playing with me when no one else will, crusties everywhere, brothers keeper (er, just kidding), boy sets fire cuz they're nice and cute, hum...kurt, ben, ariana, annie and annie-core, boys that make me mad, girls that make me mad (what would i have to write about), and i am sick of thinking so that is all. please write to me, ~~me~~



On yeah and  
thank you to ~~jeff~~  
~~tim~~ aaron o for being a ceo  
of longbow records. lot's of lovin's.



this is paper, but he is dead now.



silence kills  
the revolution

I long for the comfort of the forest in my presence.

